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The Wellesley Magazine.

CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1894.

Problems of Art	*L. C. Habermeyer*	391
Recognition	*Louise Manning Hodgkins*	396
"Pet Lamb"	*Effie Banta, '91*	397
Reality	*L. C. B., '91*	404
Olga's Fairy Story	*Josephine P. Simrall, '93*	404
The Song of the Lotus	*Julia S. Buffington, '94*	409
A May Day	*Mary Ella Chapin, '95*	409
A Baby	*M. C. Roberts, '97*	411
When the Mist Came up from the Marsh		414
Comparison of the Atmospheres of "As You Like it" and "Twelfth Night"	*Mary C. Adams, '95*	414
My Glance of Summer Fire		416
Laura Lyon Williams		417
"Short Day and Long Remembrance"	*Katharine Lee Bates*	417
Editorial		419
The Free Press		421
Exchanges		427
Book Reviews		431
Society Notes		432
College Notes		434
Alumnæ Notes		438
College Bulletin		440
Marriages, Births, Deaths		440

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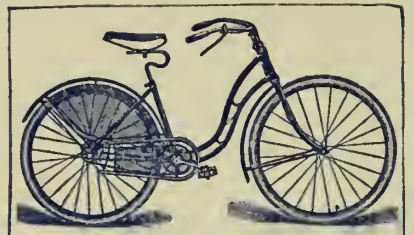

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The Wellesley Magazine.

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PROBLEMS OF ART.

THE question, What is the aim and purpose of art? is in these days so much the more important, that we often meet with the most perverted views on the subject. He who will not go through the world, as it were, with closed eyes, must take some attitude towards this question. Is the mere reproduction of nature, or is beauty, the aim of art?

The Naturalistic school strives for an absolutely truthful reproduction of nature, imitating it in all its details. Do they fulfil thereby the aim and purpose of art, and do they succeed in producing real works of art? I do not hesitate to answer this question with a decided No. They make the great mistake of considering technique, that is, entire command of material, as art. Technique is doubtless of great importance, but technique alone creates no work of art, but only dead copies of nature. This is by no means

the aim of art. A work of art must never, can never be lifeless imitation of nature, but must rather be spiritualized nature.

It is the task of art to perpetuate the highest forms of existence, and thus, as it were, to annihilate time. But the moment of perfection in nature is always brief, too brief to admit of copying. Herein, then, is the artist a prophet, in that he is able to conceive this highest perfection and reproduce it for contemporary and succeeding generations in outward, visible form.

How is it with the productions of the Naturalists? Every exposition gives us abundant answer. We go into an exposition. A picture of so-called "still-life" meets our eye. A table-cloth, oysters in and out of the shell, a plate of bread, a flask and glasses — all so accurately reproduced that the beholders are well-nigh beside themselves in their admiration of the appearance of reality. Is this a work of art? No.

We approach another picture, which represents a dirty old woman with many folds and wrinkles, depicted with such fidelity to nature that we really fancy we see before us an ugly old woman. But the face suggests nothing further to us. Is this a work of art? No. Why not? Because it only imitates nature to the point of deception, feigns life where there is none.

Opposite these pictures hangs one by Sichel, representing Medea. The face is thoroughly modern, and to one familiar with Berlin studios, recalls at once the face of a well-known model. Not a suggestion of the historic Medea. However, the drapery is so wonderfully painted that we think it hardly possible we have not before us real silk brocade. Is this a work of art? It is only the clever reproduction of clothes.

Another picture strikes our eye—a portrait. The background is gold brocade. Supporting herself in a sentimental pose beside a high, sculptured chair upholstered with red velvet, stands a lady, dressed in white satin. We cannot help admiring the brocade, the velvet, the satin,— the face is of little interest to us. Is this a work of art? No.

Next to this picture we see a Diana, a handsome, healthy woman in the costume and with the equipments of Diana. Is this a work of art? No; it is, in fact, a masquerade.

Not far away is another picture, named Venus, a faithful study of the nude, which may appeal to the senses of some, but will bring to the lips of the true artist the words of Michel Angelo: —

"Woe to him who dares in blindness and in lust
Beauty from her height to spheres of sense degrade;
She to heaven bears the soul whose love is pure."

Still life, studies of heads, studies of drapery, studies of the nude, have certainly their justification as studies of nature. The artist should and must study nature, so study it, that he knows it in all its details. He must learn, too, to make a true copy, without any idealizing of the living model, not because copying nature is the aim of art, but because before he can idealize nature, as true art demands, he must accurately know nature. Schiller says: "The artist can use no single element of reality as he finds it. His work must be ideal in all its parts. As a whole, however, it must be true to nature."

For this reason, photographs and wax figures, in spite of their sometimes deceptive imitation of nature, are not works of art. They are neither art nor nature. They are less. They lack that embodiment of an idea which alone could make them works of art; on the other hand, they are not nature, for they can only repeat as a fragment accidental phenomena, without their natural completeness. The spirit of the creator does not speak to us, as must necessarily be the case in every genuine art work, for art is a subjective conception of an idealized reality, a principle which is the central doctrine of the recent movement in art known as subjectivism, whose greatest prophet, by the way, is Whistler, an American living in Paris. The artist lets his own spirit or the spirit which inspires him speak to us through the forms of nature, in the expression of a definite idea. For this very reason representations of one and the same object by different artists of the same age and nation, speak to us differently according to the spirit, character, genius or talent of the artist.

The portrait affords least play for artistic subjectivity, because the aim here is fidelity to nature. Many people are of the opinion that a life-sized photograph, if it should be colored, would be equal to the best portrait from an artist-hand. But this is not so, for photography gives only a picture of a certain side and of a certain momentary mood, which perhaps changes in the next instant. It may be thought that the portrait gives no more. That is a great mistake. Even several dozen life-sized photographs, taken in different moods and attitudes, give no collective impression corresponding to

a good portrait. Why not? Because there is lacking the unity in multiplicity, the permanent underlying the changing is not brought out. A portrait, if it is a work of art, cannot be replaced by a hundred mechanical copies. The true artist never copies mechanically, as does photography, but seeks to fix the permanent in the changing, and to solve the problem of expressing the soul through the body, so that the portrait shows the man, not as he presents himself at single moments, but as he is in his inmost nature. The artist creates a unified picture, comprehending all essential features of the personality.

In order to make this quite clear to ourselves, let us watch a great artist at his work. After the question of costume is decided, the painter poses his model; that is, he brings him into the right perspective distance and into the most favorable light. He sketches with rapid lines the proportions, then takes palette and brushes and begins to paint, meanwhile busily conversing with the model. He seeks to interest him, touching on agreeable and disagreeable subjects, to bring to the surface even the secrets of the inner life, over which conventionality and good breeding throw a veil, and uses for his work just that moment in which the model forgets himself in an interesting subject. This continues a week or two, and since the good portrait-painter is of necessity a psychologist, he succeeds, in the time given him, not only in making a faithful copy of nature, but in expressing, through the outer form, the soul; that is, he paints a picture independent of all the changes of time, in which, twenty years later, the character, the soul of the man, the permanent in the changing, speaks to us.

Let us take as an example Lenbach's portraits of the old Emperor, of Bismarck and of Moltke; in which the intellectual and the spiritual are so clearly mirrored in the physical that if all histories should be lost, these pictures would reveal to the after-world the essential nature of the men represented. Had Lenbach seized only upon a particular moment, as, for instance, Gussow has done in the well-known portrait of Frau Reichheim, which the sound wit of the Berlin populace condemned with a jest, referring to its everlasting smile, he would have given no complete picture, and would thus not fully have accomplished the task of making the portrait a true work of art.

Not only in the portrait do we require a unified picture, but in all artistic representations. We demand also, however, when we pass out of the narrow sphere of the painted and sculptured portrait, something more, — an idea spiritualizing nature. The more significant the idea, the higher stands the work of art, if the form corresponds with the idea. Everything which appears in the picture has its justification only in so far as it is connected with the underlying idea and has reference to it; all the separate parts must work together to harmony, or they have no right to exist. If, for example, in a landscape, a figure is introduced, which takes away our attention from the landscape, this is false, unless it heightens the effect by bringing out a contrast. Contrasts may be very effective in all departments, but are justified only if they thus heighten the effect presented, expressing the similarity in difference. The whole must speak to us in its unity, it must compel us to recreate within ourselves the conception of the artist, to a certain degree, to develop it further, for therein is found the essence of æsthetic enjoyment of art.

Take, for instance, Pigelheim's picture, "The Blind Girl." A young Christian who has been blinded feels her way with a staff across a field of brilliant poppies. In her hand she holds a large earthen water-pitcher. The face is uplifted, the lids closed over the sightless eyes. The sky has shed its richest color-charm over the scene through which the blind girl passes. The contrast explains itself. In the sublime beauty of the blind girl, in her evident elevation above this earth, in the spiritual splendor which she seems to see with the eyes of her spirit, lies the reconciliation of opposites which we demand of the work of art.

The idealization must, however, not go so far as to change the very character of that which is represented. If, for instance, Breton paints a peasant listening enraptured to the song of a lark, he paints no longer true peasant nature. Millet has well said of his pictures, that he represents those peasant girls who are on the point of ceasing to be peasants. I do not mean to say that peasants have no feeling for beauty, but I know that with them the sense of the beautiful is seldom conscious, and never rises to rapture. And if Breton, furthermore, paints peasants picturesquely dressed and artistically posed, studio peasants, he never can rival Millet's pictures, which show us the true peasant in the seriousness of his life, a life colorless, sim-

ple and yet great, as he toils in the sweat of his brow for bread for himself and his fellows.

Here we have the solution of the problem of art, the expression of a thought in idealized nature. Works of art like these lift us above every-day life, in which a more or less narrow round of occupations allows us to develop only one, or at most a few of the inherent powers of mind and soul. They enable us to live a fuller life, lifting ourselves into the sphere of unselfish feeling. They make us feel the infinite in the finite, and bring us thus nearer to the heart of Him who is the source of all beauty, God.

L. C. M. Habermeyer.

RECOGNITION.

"Unfading Hope's immortal power."

How will you know me in another sphere,
When reft of earthly form we two may meet,
And memory wooing back some vision sweet
Of other life and hours that once were dear,
Endeavoring in vain to bring more near
Joys as elusive now as they were fleet,
Find in that realm beyond earth's chill or heat
All unrenewed the magic lent her here?

Perchance in that illuminated hour,
Though naught returned to dust from dust revives,
And earthly loves fail resurrection power,
The soul of our sweet intercourse survives
To find in radiant common ecstacy
Our hopes have put on immortality.

Louise Manning Hodgkins.

"*PET LAMB.*"

"BUT Mrs. Green is a good woman," said the doctor's wife slowly, "I don't think she intended to slight you."

"*Good?*" said Hannah Brockaway. "Good folks does a sight of queer things. I knew well enough what she meant. I can tell A B C when I see it. Oh, they're all alike. If you have on good clothes they smile on you sweet and hope you'll come often, but if you dress kinder shabby, they have terrible hard work remembering your name."

Hannah Brockaway set her lips closely together and stitched down a long seam before she spoke again.

"It's a queer world," said she.

"The world is a good deal as we take it," said the other. Her tone was slightly didactic.

"I aint findin' no fault with the world," said Hannah, with an answering shade of resentment. "I aint no call to. It's a good enough world, I guess. Only some has it padded pretty comfortable and some has it kinder bare."

The doctor's wife hesitated. Some subtle embarrassment of happiness checked her innocent sermonizing. She looked at the unlovely figure opposite with a childlike pity in her clear young eyes. Then she bent over the little garment in her lap.

"If there was only something you could *love*," she murmured.

Hannah caught up the words with a sharp rudeness. "I've had enough of that foolery," said she. "It don't pay. I've just made up my mind not to care for nothing. It's the only way to get along. You just fling yourself down for folks to walk over, and you don't care at first. Bless you, you don't care. You're so glad they're getting things if you aint. Only by and by, when you look for a bit of gratitude, it's 'Keep away, you're all dirt.'"

"It isn't always that way," said the doctor's wife, gently.

"Maybe not," said Hannah. "It's been the way with me. I've had things hard. I suppose you think I talk queer, but I've had things hard. There's my sister Sally. I wouldn't say it to everybody, but you've spoke about it and you know how 'tis. There wasn't anything I wouldn't do for Sally; and when she was a little thing she wouldn't go to any one but me.

And time and again I've gone without my dinner to get her a bit of ribbon or something like other folks. I always meant Sally should have things different from me. She was pretty, Sally was; and she had the takingest ways. Folks liked her. And now she's ridin' in her carriage, and me workin' my eyes out over store things. And I didn't ask her for money. I'd rather starve than beg, even of my own sister. But I went to her and I asked her for some work. I knew she was havin' sewin' done out of the house. And she sent down word she was busy and couldn't see me. I aint been near her since. I suppose it's his doin's. He said I shouldn't have a cent of his money. And I don't want it, land knows. I never could abide him and his airs. Sakes! you'd have thought he was made of some brand-new, special kind of dust! He was way up, he was, and you couldn't touch him with a ten-foot pole. For my own part, I don't like chiny bric-a-brac sort of men. But Sally, she never had no stuff to her. Land, if he told her he liked her better without her nose, she'd up and cut it off. She was that kind. But I guess if it had been me, and Sally'd been awantin' anything, I'd like to see fifty husbands keep me from doin' it."

But the doctor's wife did not smile. She wished she had directed the conversation on a less unhappy theme. She thought Hannah had been hardly used, but she believed it did her harm to talk of it. In that she was mistaken. Speech eased the pent up bitterness, and Hannah's next words had a softened tone.

"I suppose maybe t'aint the right way to feel," she said. "I suppose like enough we've got to have something. I guess we're made that way. All is, kinder seems like it wasn't meant I should have anything, and I might as well get used to it. This world aint our abidin'-place, and I dare say it'll all be made up to us some day." And Hannah sighed drearily, not that she doubted the reality of her consolations, but because they took but vague hold of her imagination.

"I had a bird once," she went on, after a pause. "I thought a sight of him. He used to fly all about the room, and look at me with his little black eyes. And a cat got in one day and got him. I'd been out and I came home and found nothing but some feathers on the floor. I suppose it was a judgment on me for getting him, for I'd had dreadful work to get along that winter, and I owed a man some money I couldn't pay. But I just

didn't care. I went out and bought him. It was right after Christmas, and I'd had an awful day. You know Christmas is the worst day of the year to me, specially when I've been going out and aint no work on hand. I hadn't that year, and I'd been over to the park all the morning. I kinder like to go over there. Seems like you was a part of things, seeing all the people and all. And there's other women walking about by themselves and you don't feel queer. It was a lovely day and I'd had a real nice time, only when I got home I wished I hadn't gone, it was so dreadfully lonesome. And I got to thinkin' about things until I was so blue I could have gone out and hung myself. And then I went and saw Miss Sharpe awhile. She didn't seem to mind it a bit, and her room was sort of warm and nice and I felt better. And she had a bird hanging in the window, and when I got home I thought about the bird, and how it would be company. So the next day I went and got me one. I suppose 'twas foolish, for I'd been scrapin' along on a dollar a week all the year, and I spent most that on the bird. But I felt dreadful when he died. Seemed like it was Sally and everything else I'd ever cared for all lyin' together in a heap of feathers. I guess my eyes must have been red when I went to church that night. People looked at me kinder sharp. I don't know what they'd thought if they'd known I I was making so much fuss about a *bird!*"

"One does get attached to the little things," said the doctor's wife. "I remember we had a bird once that was killed. It fell from a window in its cage. I think I cried about that myself."

"Yes?" said Hannah, indifferently. "And then I just made up my mind that it was enough sight easier in this world not to care for things at all, then you aint disappointed."

She turned to her work with a summary air, while the doctor's wife made a silent resolve that as soon as she could get out to buy it Hannah Brockaway should have another bird. The kindly purpose, however, was never fulfilled; for that very afternoon, moved by a sudden impulse, Hannah stepped into a bird-store and bought Pet Lamb.

She carried him home a little uneasily. "A body's got to have something!" she said as she set him down. It was her tribute to the little god Consistency. And then she folded up the paper and string with unusual care and went to bed in the dark. It was her offering to the little god Economy.

When she awoke the next day, it was with a sense of pleasant expectancy not common to her monotonous life. In the gray of the early morning she could just distinguish the tiny thing hopping from perch to perch and twittering to himself with the subdued notes with which singing creatures respond to half-lights. "Pet Lamb," she said softly to herself, "Pet Lamb!" and he had no other name.

As soon as she could she opened the door to give him his liberty, because caged friends are but scant company. But Pet Lamb shrank into a corner and chirped miserably at her and the open door. He had no notion of exchanging his safe conventionalities for a strange and dangerous freedom. With all her kind intentions, Hannah was to him an unfamiliar monster, and her room a vast unknown in which a tiny speck of song and feathers might be quite swallowed up and lost.

Hannah shut the door with a disappointed little snap. "I suppose he's going to be wild," she said, "It'll be just my luck. Goldy flew out the first thing."

However, Pet Lamb soon redeemed himself. Venturing tentatively to the edge of his cage one day, he discovered at one delightful sweep that wings were of more use to a bird than he had supposed. After that his cage became a barely tolerated sleeping place. With all the ardor of fresh enthusiasm he explored every nook and cranny of Hannah's room, and Hannah and he became very good friends.

She often told him that next to Goldy he was the cutest bird that ever was; and the reservation itself was but the instinct of loyalty to the departed. In her heart she loved Pet Lamb the best, for his predecessor had been a pensive bird, much given to mooning by himself and viewing the rest of the world with a kind of abstract disdain. But Pet Lamb was of a social nature, fond of company and possessed of a charming readiness to discuss his neighbor's affairs.

He had, to be sure, his occasional fits of loftiness when he would fly to the top of the tall post of the old-fashioned bedstead and perch there in lonely majesty like a pillar saint or a philosopher absorbed in the blessedness of the contemplative life. Yet certain humorous side glances ever betrayed that his distraction from things mundane was less absolute than might appear. He kept one eye open for his dish of bread and milk, his

piece of sweet apple, Hannah and the sewing machine, which offered him a perpetual challenge to duets musical. He would fly down presently, and with much shrill satisfaction show that impertinent mechanism what genuine music meant. Or he would alight at Hannah's side to carry on with her protracted conversations.

She talked to him a good deal. She told him of the weariness of her sleepless nights, of the difficulties of getting work, of the slights of careless prosperity, or the airs of the Robinson family. Pet Lamb listened to all with unvarying complaisance nor did his answering chirps ever pique her with a human irrelevancy.

In return he related, no doubt, his candid opinions of the English sparrows who arranged their domestic and social squabbles just outside his window; he confided his hopes in regard to the yellow bird that lived behind the mirror, who seemed not indifferent to his advances, yet ever interposed to his ardor an impenetrable and incomprehensible wall of reserve; he sang to her sweet little songs that smacked of tropic sunshine and his far away ancestral forests.

He could be as full of wiles, too, as a coquettish girl. He knew all the arts of the professional lady-killer. He practised them all on Hannah as the only thing feminine near him, and he would strut about her chair with a comical mixture of self-complacency and ingratiation, while sidelong glances and long-drawn notes pointed his appreciation of his own diplomacy. It was, however, a total waste of energy, for Hannah's heart was but a traitor's citadel.

She never wearied, indeed, of Pet Lamb or his doings. When she was from home he formed the staple of her conversation; and when she could get no daily engagements and was forced to fall back upon laborious and ill-paid "store-work," she found in Pet Lamb's society an ample compensation. And he repaid her fondness in kind. He ate from her fingers. He followed her about the room. He forgot for her sake all the traditions of bird-kind and sang to her by lamplight. And in the early springtime, when strange longings expanded his bird soul with an unknown pain, it was Hannah's voice alone that could arouse him from his apathy of single wretchedness.

Every night, when she put him into his cage, she said as if it had been an incantation to charm away mishap, "I suppose he'll die. It'll be just my luck."

But Pet Lamb did not die. He lived and flourished. He ate, drank and was merry, as singing birds should be. When a parting came, it was because Hannah herself gave him away. How she could have summoned up resolution enough to do it, has always been a mystery. It seemed so to herself when the glow of generosity had died away, and the pangs of deprivation set in.

It happened in this way. Coming home early from work one day, she discovered a small figure crouched outside her door. She recognized it at once. It was the little cripple that lived on the floor below. He had stolen upstairs to listen to Pet Lamb, who was holding a private rehearsal within; and he lifted intent though apologetic eyes at Hannah's approach. He was pitifully deformed, and his face had the sharpened and precocious look which children get from suffering, or too intimate acquaintance with the seamy side. He had, withal, a shrinking and deprecating air, as if he would excuse his presence in a world in which he was manifestly of so little use.

Hannah did not like children. They annoyed and alarmed her. But the boy's helplessness was appealing.

"What are you doing here?" she asked, not unkindly.

"It's the bird," said Willy, timidly. "It's the bird that sings swater than me uncle's fiddle."

This was enough for Hannah. With Pet Lamb as a link, an intimacy soon grew up between them. And often the boy would escape from the rude health and noisy activity of the life below stairs to Hannah's quiet room. There he lay and listened to Pet Lamb's music or picked out half-tunes on a little flute he had. Pet Lamb accepted a new admirer with the most gracious condescension, and Hannah grew fonder of him every day.

But alas, there came a time when moving day rolled round, and Willy came upstairs to bid an unwilling good-bye to Hannah and Pet Lamb. With the gentlest of forefingers, he stood stroking the bird, his misshapen little figure dingier than ever with the dust of the packing, streaks of tears still on his cheeks, the soft lips rigid with a pitiful control. And he met all Hannah's attempts at consolation with blank young hopelessness.

"Willy," she said, at last, "Willy, how would you like to have Pet Lamb for your very own?"

And Willy had nodded eagerly, with childhood's narrowness of vision, and Hannah herself had caged the bird and given it into his hand. Nor did the full enormity of what she had done dawn upon her until the last irrevocable little footfall had sounded on the stair.

"My!" she gasped out then. "My! and the woman downstairs is a dreadful careless thing!"

It was a hard pillow that Hannah slept on that night, and the next day dawned vacantly enough. She rose early and got to work.

"I don't suppose they'll ever think to wrap him up," she said, forlornly, as she opened the window and felt the raw wind that was putting the calendar to scorn. "Folks are such fools!"

If the words had a sting, she did not own it, but she sighed as she set the treadles whirring. It was about mid-morning, and she was half-way in a long seam, when a knock startled her. She rose and went crabbedly to the door.

One of the children from the floor below stood there, a round-faced, red-handed maiden, wearing a sheepish and commissioned smile. She had a bird-cage in her hand, and she thrust it awkwardly towards Hannah, saying, "Ma don't like to take your bird away, Miss Brockaway!"

But Hannah drew herself stiffly up. "She ain't takin' him away," said she. "I gave him myself to Willy. I'm very glad he should have him." Only her fingers twitched.

The child hesitated, confused, between Miss Brockaway's manner and her own positive instructions.

"He sings so loud, he wakes the baby," she blurted out, in final desperation.

"Oh, very well!" said Hannah, and she stretched her hand for the cage with a feverish imitation of dignity. "If he ain't wanted! I never thought Pet Lamb was one of the screechin' kind myself!"

The girl reddened, and shifted her feet uneasily. "He's teething," she stammered out, unhappily.

Hannah glared at her. She would have liked to take her by the shoulders and shove her down-stairs. She wanted to shut the door and have Pet Lamb

all to herself. And when the child had gone at last, she hurriedly opened the cage door. Pet Lamb flew out with an indignant flutter, and settled himself upon the high bed-post. There he began comj osedly to plume himself. But Hannah sat down on the edge of the bed, and took hold of the post with trembling hands. There were tears in her eyes.

"Pet Lamb!" she whispered. "Pet Lamb! Did he want to come back to his ownty-donty Hannah?"

EFFIE BANTA, '91.

REALITY.

Too long my heart had been a pleasure-hall
  Where gold delight was drunk in cups of laughter,
And tapestries of dreaming hung the wall
  With Oberons from polished floor to rafter.

The walls are bared, the revelry is done,
  The wine lies spilled, the laughter-goblets shattered,—
I broke the shutters for the imperious sun
  And all the fairie host was fled and scattered!

I rent the portals for the Lord of light—
  But ah! him followed countless shadows creeping
Of doubts and dreads and horrors born from night—
  Of nameless things that fill the world with weeping.

L. C. B., '91.

OLGA'S FAIRY STORY.

(A fragment from real life.)

BEHIND an old, weather-stained door, up three flights of stairs, along a narrow hallway, at the very top of the gloomy tenement house, lay Olga's fairyland. These two bare rooms would seem, perchance, all unlike the childhood realm of love and beauty to those under the spell of the wicked witch of Disbelief, those whose world-weary eyes see only the dismal things of life, and whose world-weary hearts are full of darkness and unrest, but then they, and all such sad ones, being the victims of a malign enchantment, can never hope to understand the mysteries of fairydom. Happily, some there are whose eyes are still open to the truth, who see life as it really is, and for such our story is written.

The dark little room at the back was not, indeed, a part of the fairy kingdom proper; it might rather be regarded as the dungeon of the wicked old giant, who in his youth forgot how to love, and so lived miserable ever after. The fact that it was situated at the top of the house, instead of far down beneath it, is only one of the queer things that occur in all fairy tales.

It was quite as dreadful as any dungeon ought to be, for there were big dark holes and cracks in it, through which the tormentors sent by the tyrant used to come sneaking and creeping in the long night hours; one could not see them in the darkness, but one felt them, nevertheless, and oh, how they pierced and stung with their icy fangs!

Then in one corner was the cupboard where the wolf lived, a growling, snarling old monster, who barked angrily, and beat against the door, frightening all the royal court; sometimes he even came out — but that is too dreadful to tell about, even in a fairy tale with a giant in it, and fortunately it did not often happen.

Now this dungeon opened right into the palace of the beautiful young princess, who was watched over and protected by the fairy godmother. Strange enough, if one of those people with the world-weary eyes should enter here, they would see only a big room with two large windows looking out over chimneys and house-top laundries and city smoke; a bare room with no carpet on the floor, no pictures on the whitewashed walls, no ornament of any kind on the small, wooden mantel, that seemed to have a lowly, apologetic air for existing at all in connection with the empty brick fireplace underneath; a scantily furnished room with just a few stiff, cane-bottomed chairs, and in one corner, just beneath the windows, a long, unvarnished table littered "when work was plenty" — people always work in fairyland though they don't always know it — with cloth and silk, tailor's wax and heavy irons, piles of half-finished coats, and other piles all carefully folded and ready to be taken to the store, and bending over them all the day and long into the night a stolid-faced man ironing, cutting, stitching, week days and Sundays too.

So it all would appear to that most unfortunate individual in the power of the wicked fairy of Disbelief, but the princess, of course, saw things in their true light! In the first place, she knew that everything about her was fashioned of pure gold, for did not the golden radiance come streaming in

through the big windows, transforming into a likeness of itself all things on which it fell,— and it fell everywhere, even the far-off corners were not overlooked. It was really quite a clever idea of the fairy godmothers to send this golden shower down from the sky, where she lives, for the most part, among the clouds, a very bright idea, and a great improvement on the old-fashioned, mechanical way of touching each separate and individual article with her wand. It is, indeed, a well proved fact that the older our old earth grows the wiser the fairy godmothers become, and the more capable of helping all the poor princesses who are kept in bondage by the wicked World-giant.

Then, too, the little princess knew that the earnest-eyed man bending over the golden table by the windows was none other than the royal king himself, who was attempting to solve the difficult problem of humanity, not by means of the propositions of political economy, not even by the axioms and maxims of social science, but, as a real king should, by true living and glad doing of that which it was given unto him to do. The sweet, bright-faced woman sitting at the other end of the long table was the little queen mother, and, no worthier sovereign could have been found in all the land of fairydom. She sewed too,— and cut and ironed, all work on the great problem; and she sang the while the sweet old songs of the Vaterland, and took ever the most loving care of the princess, and the littlest princess whose brown eyes had opened upon the wonders of the fairy universe only two short years ago. Our heroine, Princess Olga, was five years old, not too young to recognize fairies when she saw them, and not so old but that the glory of babyhood still lingered in her wide blue eyes, in the curves and dimples of her mouth and chin and in the lisping of her baby tongue.

So they lived all together in the palace, the king and the queen and the little princess and the littlest princess, and were as happy as kings and queens and princesses ought to be. Sometimes, it is true, they were cast into the dungeon, and sometimes the wolf beat loudly at the door, and sometimes the wicked old World-giant threatened them from his gloomy abode, but happily they had a charm which was potent to mitigate all these evils. What the charm was may not be revealed, for the good fairy does not like to have her secrets disclosed, but at least we know that it was a kind of love potion, and that we may all have it just for the asking.

What do princesses do to entertain themselves all day long? In old-fashioned tales they used to play with golden balls, or take lessons in spinning from queer old women, or wear beautiful roses unlawfully stolen from magic gardens, but when the wise fairy godmothers discovered how much trouble such dangerous forms of amusement always brought about, they abolished them altogether, and introduced a less harmful set of games. So our modern princess, first of all, learned lessons, and that is always the best thing to do whether you are a member of the royal family or just a commoner. Fortunately, the little queen mother had been a school-mistress once, before she married the king, and so she was very, very wise. There is not much difference between queens and school-mistresses, after all, when we come to think about it, since the best queens are always teachers, and the wisest teachers are queens. The greedy old queen who did nothing but eat bread and honey in the kitchen went out of date long ago, the world has no fondness for her any longer, and she is relegated to the dustiest, darkest corner of the book shelves; and the birch rod teacher has lain at rest for many years under her own birch tree. Peace be with her, we have no use for her more.

So our little princess studies all sorts of beautiful lessons, and the delightful part of it is that she thinks all the time that it is play, and she is as happy as the happy little birds, and she plays too, and imagines that it is work, and then she is as happy as the gay-winged butterflies of summer days. And all the while the littlest princess sits on the floor in the midst of the golden radiance. She catches at the golden motes, closes her tiny hands over them, and then peeps carefully within to see how many she has caught. How the baby laughter gurgles out when she finds the chubby fist quite empty. Alas! we "grown ups" catch after golden motes sometimes, and when we think we have quite a handful we look down and find — just nothing at all in the empty palm, only we do not laugh as the littlest princess did.

When the work and the play are all done the Princess Olga and the littlest princess stand beside the big window, and look out over the sunset country, across purple mountains and golden castles and long streets of silver, where war steeds prance, and knights in gleaming helmets ride by and the strange little cloud princes and princesses wave and beckon to the

little earth princesses down below. Sometimes the queen mother comes and stands beside them with her sewing in her hand, but she does not see the knights and steeds and silver streets; before her stretch out the pleasant meadows of the Vaterland, she hears the church bells ringing, and from afar comes the murmur of the Rhine mingling with the voices of the German *Mädchen:*

> "Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?
> So nenne endlich mir das Land!
> So weit die deutsche Zunge klingt,
> Und Gott im Himmel Lieder singt,
> Das soll es sein; das, wackrer
> Deutscher nenne dein!" . . .

And then it all fades away, quite away, and the brooding darkness hides the sunset realms.

So this is Olga's fairy story. Not finished? no, it is only just begun, but the beginning is the most important part,—and the end is yet to be. No, there has not been a word about the prince, and the ogre has not appeared once on the scene, nor the fairy godmother, but they will all come by and by, and perhaps as the years pass there will be a longer tale to tell, though whether told or left among the unwritten records of the years, it will be a fairy story just the same. There was a wise old poet once, a poet, though he never wrote in verse, and he tells us that

> "Every man's life is a fairy tale written by God's finger."

So, looking into life with earnest eyes, even as a little child, we can read all the story, and, making its truth our own, be satisfied.

JOSEPHINE P. SIMRALL, '93.

THE SONG OF THE LOTUS.

Sleepily, sleepily,
Swaying and shifting,
Drowsily, drowsily,
Nodding and drifting.
Odors of spicy balms,
Shadows of eastern palms,
Cobwebs of phantasy,
Twining and twisting.
Out of a melody
Spinning soft slumbers,
Waving a mystery
Into the numbers —
The river's full bosom
Beneath thee is swelling
With passion's desire.
Out of the east from
His full-orbèd dwelling
Flings the moon-lover
His passion's pure fire.

JULIA S. BUFFINGTON, '94.

A MAY DAY.

"O Auntie, come quick and see what I've found on the gate! There's pansies, and pinks, and hepaticas, and blood root, and — and some arbutus, and — 'and everything'!"

Jessie was likely to burst her small throat, she was so excited. And so, words failing to express her satisfaction in her discovery, she had finished with that familiar phrase and the exclamation point.

Jessie was a small child, and the two long chestnut braids which hung down her back waved gaily back and forth most of the time, thereby losing for her many a gay ribbon, and causing, through knotty snarls, no end of tears and trouble. Her dancing blue eyes and the merry laugh which showed her white teeth and sweet dimples, won for her many friends. It is easy to agree with her aunt who declared, one day: "Jessie's hard to manage, but she's such a happy child that one must forgive her mischief, the little tease!" So Jessie had her own sweet way most of the time;

turned up her small pug-nose at rebuke; laughed if caught in mischief, and looked roguishly at auntie, when sent early to bed every Sunday night, when Mr. Amos Patterson came to call.

Aunt Susan was forty; but then, "you'd never know it." She had always tried to "keep her heart young," and, indeed, the neighbors had for for some years suspected the reason. As Mr. Walker — who lived next door — expressed it to the new minister: "There hain't been a Sunday night for nigh onto twenty years, that I hain't seen his buggy or sleigh a hitched at the Williamses' gate.

Ere this, however; nay, before Jessie's enthusiastic summons had been entirely finished, Miss Susan's tall, lithe figure might have been seen coming down the front steps of the trim white house. The Halls lived opposite, and kept the post-office in their front room. At mail time, when the old stage came thundering into town, a group of men and a few teams might always be seen in front of the small building. Then, while the mail was "changed," they gravely discussed the state of the weather, the crops or some other topic of such vital interest. But just now, the one long street of the village with its shading elms, boasted, as far as Miss Susan's keen, gray eyes could see, not even a pedestrian. One dark brown lock had escaped from her crimping pins, and was at the mercy of the cool spring wind; but otherwise there was no sign of agitation, as she stepped firmly to the gate to see, "what nonsense that child was up to, now!"

She looked over to the post-office again, and when she saw that the blinds were not yet opened, she seized the small market basket, hurried round to the "back stoop," and sent Jessie over to "Mis' Walker's for some buttermilk."

It was the first day of May, and Miss Susan looked off into the clear blue sky. The fleecy clouds, touching lightly the verdant tops of our Vermont hills, seemed so merry that morning. But Miss Susan scarcely noticed. She looked down at her flowers, and fondled them "for a bit," forgetting the broom she'd left in the hall and the pies she'd left in the oven.

"It was just such a morning as this," she murmured, as she gathered all the arbutus together. "He came to see father about something or other, he said, and yet he stood here a-talking to me. He brought me some May-flowers then, and I thought may be he'd got something on his mind — per

haps he had; but he never got rid of it, for that peddler came just the wrong minute, and I jumped up to go and find mother; and when I came back Amos was gone. I remember it was kind of awkward the next Sunday night, but it haint seemed to make no difference sence. He's been as regular as the clock and as constant as the stars." Again, lost in revery, she gazed off into those clear blue depths. But all too soon she was rudely startled by the gate-latch click as Jessie came skipping down the path.

Miss Susan was investigating the oven when the little girl came into the kitchen with her usual spring, this time upsetting the buttermilk on auntie's clean floor. But the expected scolding was evidently postponed, for auntie looked up and actually smiled, while Jessie wondered, and then smiled back said she "didn't mean to," and ran off to her play.

Every little while all the forenoon, Miss Susan caught herself humming snatches of a little song. It was a song they two had learned at singing school together, the winter previous to that spring, round which clustered so many sad as well as happy memories. All day long the house was filled with the bright spring sunshine, and Jessie wondered again at dinner, why grandpa really had the custard-pie which had been so sharply refused him at breakfast time, because Aunt Susan had declared that she was "going to clean house, and couldn't bother with extras!"

But that evening when Jessie heard the early summons to bed, and a little later caught, through the blinds, a glimpse of that old-fashioned buggy down by the front gate, she nodded her wise little head emphatically. Jessie had made another discovery.

MARY ELLA CHAPIN, '95.

A BABY.

PEOPLE never could understand how that white, delicate baby came to be one of the six Kreuzer children. Mr. Kreuzer was a handsome man, of the large, dark, florid type. Mrs. Kreuzer was an ugly woman of the small, dark, greasy type. Lizzie, the oldest girl, was dark and had dull eyes, cheeks that hung down with fat, and very large feet. Jakey who came next was three shades swarthier and twice as dull. The rest of the children were of much the same pattern until you came to Mary. In her

was concentrated enough loveliness, both of disposition and of body, to have made the rest of the children tolerably attractive had it been distributed among them. Where did the baby get the delicate features, the skin like the petal of a tuberose, the blue, blue eyes, and the rings of golden hair, not bushy, obstinate curls, but silken rings that lay close to her head, seeming to express, in their soft clinging, the gentleness of her nature. Not because her mother had any æsthetic instinct, but because the dresses had been given to her, she often wore white. She had a pathetic, unbabylike way of not getting soiled by all the dirt around her. In this respect she was as unlike her brothers and sisters as she was in everything else. Mrs. Kreuzer washed up all six of them in the morning, if she had time, and then washed her hands of them by turning them out in the yard for the rest of the day. By night, in consequence of plentiful slices of bread and molasses, and indulgence in mud-pies, it could scarcely be discerned what manner of children they were. Mary, being but two and-a-half, was scarcely old enough to get any solid enjoyment out of mud-pies, but had she been older, one could not have imagined the slender, blue-veined hands at such employment.

That hot summer, she liked to sit for hours on the old stone flagging in front of the door. A big horse-chestnut threw its grateful shade over her, and she often raised her blue eyes, with a reflective look, to its rustling top, and then to the sky above it. The flies swarmed in and out of the room behind her; oniony, garlicky, German smells came from it, and her strong, coarse, tyrannical brother Joe, aged four, often tumbled over her and hurt her in his eagerness to get more bread and molasses. She seldom made any outcry and she never seemed any more a part of these things, than would a star from heaven.

Mrs. Ray, leading her own well-dressed, carefully tended children past the house one day, saw her sitting so and was struck by her pathetic beauty. She even spoke to the easy-going mother, who just then came out and commented on the child's loveliness and fairness. Mrs. Kreuzer seemed scarcely to have noticed it or thought of it. She caught Mary up for a moment as if with an impulse of affection, but quickly set her down again, saying, as she hurried away, that she must "make the supper." After that Mrs. Ray always looked for the baby when she went by. She generally saw her either before the door or at the gate, clasping the palings with her dainty hands,

and looking up between them at the passers-by with eyes as blue as the sky above her.

One day, when the summer was far advanced and it had not rained for a long time, when the roads were ankle deep with burning dust, and a dulled brown coat of blight and dust had covered Nature's green, little Mary lay with her cheek pressed against her favorite stone, the one cool spot she could find. Mrs. Ray, in passing, saw the little white figure stretched out, and went in the gate with a quick feeling that something was wrong. "Isn't your baby sick?" she asked of the mother who came to the door at the sound of her footsteps. Just then, Joe, charging through the door with the usual bread and molasses, stepped on the little outstretched hand. She seemed not to notice it, even. "I should have the doctor for her," said Mrs. Ray," lifting her with tender alarm. "I guess its only the warm weather," Mrs. Kreuzer replied, with a stolid good-natured sort of contempt for the American woman's foolishness, but with a note in her voice that warned her that she might be trespassing.

All the next day the little cheek was pressed against the cool stone. Towards nightfall even the phlegmatic Mr. Kreuzer became alarmed and sent for the doctor. He could do nothing for her. She had been neglected too long, he said briefly. Before the sun had risen the next morning, some one had folded for Mary the hands that seemed too weary to fold themselves, and placed in them the heavy-scented tuberoses that in their waxen whiteness seemed a part of her flesh. There were the candles, and the holy water, and the priest, and the other accessories of a Catholic funeral. Mrs. Kreuzer wailed loudly and shed tears by the side of the little grave, but coming home she was able to comment on her cheap mourning with interest, and to laugh with some appearance of enjoyment at the joke with which a good-natured neighbor tried to beguile her, as for the children, they seemed to have forgotten the day's unusual excitement as soon as they had their supper.

"Mamma," said little Beulah Ray that night, when her mother had heard her prayers and was sitting by her bed in the moonlight, "why did God give Mrs. Kreuzer such a pretty baby when He knew she wouldn't love her?" I don't know, dear," said the mother, with a tremor in her voice. She sat for a long time in the moonlight, trying to find the answer to this question. She did not find it that night, nor has she ever found it.

M. C. Roberts, '97.

WHEN THE MIST CAME UP FROM THE MARSH.

When the mist came up from the marsh last night,
The moon hung low in the fading light
  Her golden bow in the western sky;
  A glow remained where the sunsets die,
When the mist came up from the marsh.

When the mist came up from the marsh last night,
The tangled reeds from the mantle white
  Stared out like thoughts thro' the mist of years,
  And the evening wind had a sound of tears,
When the mist came up from the marsh.

COMPARISON OF THE ATMOSPHERES OF "AS YOU LIKE IT" AND "TWELFTH NIGHT."

IN comparing the atmospheres of the two plays, As You Like It and Twelfth Night, let us first see where the scenes are laid. The former is out of doors, is full of woodland associations; we hear the songs of the birds, the babbling of the brook; we see the gently swaying trees and the beautiful flowers. It is a truly pastoral scene; the air is full of poetry, the winds blow undisturbed by the turbulent passion of the world outside. All is quiet and restful, tuned to the magic harmony of this charmed spot.

The scene of Twelfth Night, on the contrary, is laid in-doors. It is a picture of city life; the hot breath of the multitude stifles us. To be sure, there is poetry in Twelfth Night, but it is introduced, is not part of the very nature and fibre of the play, as in As You Like It.

Then to consider the plots — how different they are! The one truly ideal, the interest lying chiefly in the characters and sentiments; the other fanciful, but with the interest centered in plot and situation. Although in As You Like It, we find a Nature composed of incongruities, yet we do not feel that it is unreal or unnatural; for the magic poetry of the place pervades all.

The seriousness of As You Like It is not sad or melancholy, not passionate, but blithe, healthy and natural; while in Twelfth Night we find the Duke lackadaisical; Oliver artificial, and, in general, the characters with

none of the bird-like notes of those of As You Like It. In As You Like It, poetry predominates; it breathes through everything, and not only is it deep, but also fanciful and sprightly. Poetry, as I have said, is not native to Twelfth Night, and when it does occur, it is only sober. There are no charming songs like

"O Mistress Mine, where are you roaming?"

but still, in all Shakespeare nothing can be found finer than Viola's character, especially in her description of her father's daughter, or in her description of Oliver.

Perhaps the key-note of the two plays will be found in the comparison of Rosalind and Viola. Rosalind is full of blithe playfulness, while Viola assumes it, for she is all seriousness. She cares only for the proprieties of her real character, and does not carry out her disguise so well as Rosalind, for her heart does not beat easily in this strange costume; "she plays a part, and we never forget it is only a part." On the other hand, Rosalind is anxious to carry her assumed character well, and although her heart flutters and faints, yet she is always striving to act out her role.

In love these two characters are very different. Viola's love is deep, silent, patient, neither asking nor seeking any reward. She is sweet and tender with none of the saucy pertness of Rosalind. Yet Rosalind's love is just as sincere, in spite of all her roguishness and mischief.

The humor of the two plays reveals very different atmospheres. In As You Like It we find caprice and fancy, the humor is toned down; all the fun is gay, sprightly, full of whims. Could anything be more fascinating than the jests of Touchstone, or the pranks of Rosalind? In Twelfth Night, the humor is broad, rollicking, boisterous. There are many practical jokes and drunken catches by Sir Toby when he falls into one of his "paroxysms of mirth." We have comic effect, the mad-cap frolic. Yet the "high-fantastical" Sir Andrew, the empty-headed echo of Sir Toby, affords us, in his very harmless aspiring, much amusement. In both plays the humor is perfectly spontaneous, although so different, and all the characters indulge in fun because they cannot help it.

In general, As You Like It is a picture of an ideal life, full of soft and delicate imagination. Caprice and fancy peep out at every step, and we smile or laugh softly. Twelfth Night is a true comedy, with a certain

sweetness and pleasantry, but here we burst into a roar of laughter. It is full of a genial, free and easy spirit, rising to the perfection of comic effect-in the wild and boisterous frolics. In both we find improbability of inci dent, but in As You Like It, it is an idealized improbability, often playful, at times serious, but always pervaded with a spirit of exquisite poetry.

Each play has its shadows, which gently fall across the brighter spots, and each in its different way teaches the same lesson. The Duke fitly phrased it when he said: —

"Sweet are the uses of adversity."

But let us not close with a sombre thought; rather let us think of As You Like It as pervaded with sunshine and flowers, let the blithe song of Amicus ring in our ears: —

"Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat?
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather."

MARY C. ADAMS, '95.

MY GLANCE OF SUMMER FIRE.

Sweetest warbler of the springtime,
Rich thy liquid note, and rare!
Thou'rt a lover, I can see it
By thy bold and saucy air.

'Tis thy loved one thou art calling
To thy airy dell aloft!
'Mid the blossoms May time opens,
'Mid a fragrance pure and soft.

Blossom bower! May-time fragrance!
Subtle charm of lover's song!
Who'll resist you, who but loves you,
Loves you fond and loves you long?

A. E. B., '91.

LAURA LYON WILLIAMS.

THE bright spring days that seem so full of promise have this year brought to the class of '87 a crushing sorrow. On the morning of March thirty-first, Laura Lyon Williams, our beloved president, passed quietly from earth to her heavenly home.

Our hearts are too heavy with grief to think beyond the sad present, but there is left to us the comfort of tender memory and the assurance that the influence of her noble life will always be with us, an inspiration towards the highest and the best.

In the loss of our president, '87 mourns one bound to us in deepest love, and one in whom was rare strength of character and purity of life.

Whereas, We, the members of the class of '87 of Welleslay College, have lost by death our beloved friend and president, Laura Lyon Williams,

Resolved, That, in our irreparable loss, we seek comfort for our sorrow in expressing our deep love for her who has gone, and our affectionate appreciation of her unselfish service to us.

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to her bereaved family and friends, who in her death have sustained the deepest affliction.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered in the minutes of the class organization, and that copies be sent to the family and to the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

Signed,

EDITH A. TRUE,
SARAH JANE STORMS,
MABEL NEVINS MATHER,
} *Class Committee.*

"SHORT DAY AND LONG REMEMBRANCE."

Our Wellesley knew thee but a few swift years,
A maiden spirit, fresh as morning skies,
Pale beauty of the face and frank young eyes
With privacies of tenderness and tears.
Half shy, half proud amid thy clustering peers
Thou borest thee in queenly lily wise,
Yet swaying toward them in a sweet surprise
Of love and faith — prophetic atmospheres.

For summer shone, and goldenly thine heart
  Bloomed into bliss, but now — oh, strange, new ache
That makes itself familiar — now thou art
A broken lily, all untimely dimmed,
  A broken lily, for whose vanished sake
Our speech is faint, our eyes are overbrimmed.

There is a life outwearing even grief,
  Our shining lily, of the sunbeams fain,
  Smit by a sudden vehemence of rain
Is dashed to earth with ruined cup and leaf.
But Death, her troubler, holds his mortal fief
  Of Love the overlord, whose meads retain
  A perfume sweeter for the bruise and stain,
Abiding fragrance of a blossom brief.

Transplanted, be it so, to gardens bright,
  Where drooping lilies, sprent with honey-dew,
By angel touches wax more dazzling white
  Than eye conceives beneath this baffling blue,
At least remains to us of shadowed sight
  Thy folding effluence of fair and true.

God pity all whose hearts are anguish-torn
  For loss of her, but softest mercies flow
  On these, her little ones, who cannot know
What cause their baby voices have to mourn.
In vain their fitful cries pursue her borne
  From rooms belovèd, yet content to go,
  Sealed in that ivory trance from joy and woe,
Her bridal raiment now serenely worn.

Too young for memory, too young to miss
  Her cherishments, and yet it may not be
As they had never felt the mother-kiss,
Nor reached their wandering hands to catch her smile.
But, haply, dreamland keeps some charmèd isle
  Where love shall brood them safe from storm and sea.

KATHARINE LEE BATES.

Editorial.

I.

WE are glad to be able to note this month that one of Wellesley's friends has shown her interest in the college in a very substantial way. The college has received a gift of ten thousand dollars to provide for one of the many needs. This money will be used to build a new cottage, which will be conducted on the same plan as the Eliot. We are glad that the money is to be used in this way. We need more cottages of this kind, for they make it possible for girls of moderate means to go through college. We all wish as many as possible to have the opportunities of higher education, and each new cottage of this sort would give these opportunities to thirty or forty girls, who would otherwise find it very difficult to gain a college education.

This gift makes us hopeful that in the not far distant future our dreams of a new chapel, gymnasium and science building will be realized. Though we may not see these realizations ourselves, while we are students here, yet we hope that those in the younger classes may see, at least, the beginnings of these buildings we so much need. Certainly it cannot be long before some one will recognize our needs and provide for them.

II.

WHO can realize, as the sound of busy hammers and trowels reaches her ear, that the boat-house, that air-castle which for so many years has been floating ahead of us, ever eluding our grasp, has actually been caught at last and fastened to a firm foundation on the shores of Lake Waban?

Yet such is truly the case, and with joy we watch the rapid transformation of the flimsy and perishable material of which air-castles are commonly built into more substantial brick and stone.

Our surprise at seeing the boat-house fast becoming a realization will soon change to a feeling of wonder how we did without it.

The "tubs," with their rough, painted sides and iron row-locks, were strong to resist hard usage and bad weather, but the new crew boats, with their glossy coats of varnish and nickel outriggers, must be carefully treated, and demand the protection which the boat-house will soon afford them.

The boat-house will certainly fill a long-felt need, and as far as can be judged in its present state of incompleteness, will be an addition to our picturesque lake shore.

III.

NO one who has observed any member of the Legenda Board during the past week, will be surprised to hear that the '94 Legenda has gone to press. The editors no longer wear that agonized expression, peculiar to the man who must bring forth a new joke within the next twenty-four hours. They are sometimes even seen to smile in the corridors.

Not only from the expression of the editors, but also from more accurate information, we are led to believe that this year's publication will be an extremely good one. Those who never saw Mr. Durant, and who can know but little of his personality, will be glad to learn that the Legenda will contain, besides the pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Durant and their son, in whose memory the college was founded, a sketch of the life of Mr. Durant by Professor Bates. A memorial which will more nearly touch us, who are the present members of the college, is that of Miss Shafer, which we shall all be glad to have in a permanent form.

That part of the Legenda which contains the matter peculiarly characteristic of college annuals, is entirely different from the publications of the past two years, since it is again upon a humorous basis, and the choicest wit of '94, which we all know is exceptionally delicate and keen, has been expended upon the jokes and sketches. Besides the usual class lists and the accounts of other organizations, an especially attractive feature of the book will be the newest of the Glee Club songs.

It is hoped that the college, which boasts but two publications, may show its loyal spirit by supporting this one.

The Free Press.

I.

Advice by an Alumna.

This is the time of year when many of the seniors are thinking anxiously about the future, and wondering what good or bad fortune the fates will award to them next year. I suppose the majority of them will enter upon a teacher's career, and I therefore take this opportunity of offering a few suggestions to those students who intend to earn their daily bread by teaching. There are certain questions which nearly all college girls ask, and which oftentimes remain unanswered. It is for the purpose of answering a few of these questions, that I have written this short article.

1. Do not be too conscientious.

When you fill out your registration blank do not be too conscientious. Nearly all seniors hesitate about underlining studies not fresh in mind or never studied. My advice would be, underline everything, except music or a language. You will very probably be called upon to teach all branches unless you are so fortunate or unfortunate as to engage in deportment work. It is not so difficult to teach new studies as it may seem. I remember I was especially conscientious in regard to not underlining botany, book-keeping and astronomy, all of which studies I have taught, two of them in my first year, with apparently good results.

2. Do not specialize.

This is advice which it is too late to follow, and, according to the belief of some, is unsound. My experience, and the experience of the majority of graduates will coincide with mine, I think, proves that the more general a college course is, the better equipped the teacher. One or two years, work in almost any branch will fit one to teach it acceptably in ordinary schools. When a teacher is obliged to teach from three to eight different subjects at one time, then a general knowledge is desirable. If one desires to specialize she may do it later. After teaching for several years, she can take advanced work in some American or foreign university.

3. Do not aim too high.

I believe with Emerson "hitch your wagon to a star," but, nevertheless, many young graduates hold too lofty aspirations and expectations and are disappointed in not realizing them. They will not teach certain distasteful studies, they will not teach for less than six or seven hundred dollars. Alas! in these days of sharp competition, an inexperienced teacher is fortunate to obtain any position, even if it only offers five hundred dollars. I should venture to state that the

majority of the positions in the East do not offer over five or six hundred dollars. A salary of eight hundred dollars is rare, and a position which offers more than that to a woman is an exceptional one. It is discouraging, I admit, for a woman to take advanced work in a university and perhaps not obtain any larger salary than before, while a man's salary might be doubled, or at least largely increased.

4. Do not forget the importance of discipline in a school-room.

Perhaps the most difficult thing with which a teacher has to contend is discipline, and at the same time it is entirely unprepared for. I wish the various colleges fitted these students who intend to teach more fully for their duties and gave them an opportunity to test their powers of government. Very few college girls fail in teaching, but some do fail in discipline. The three things which have been most helpful to me in discipline, are to command respect, to be firm and to keep the students busy.

I fear you may think this a discouraging article, but not so. It only presents the practical aspects of a teacher's life. The field is a wide one and a varied one. It is, withal, an enjoyable one. Only enter upon the work with wholeheartedness and you will succeed. If not at first, then "try, try again."

E. Hathaway, '90.

II.

Domestic rank is, perhaps, a painful necessity, and therefore it is useless to talk against the institution itself. But there is one thing about domestic work which is not a necessity at all and this is simply the unequal distribution of the work. Every one knows perfectly well how unequally the work is distributed among the students and the most unpleasant part falls principally upon the two lower classes.

The department work is divided between those who have virtually nothing to do, and those who have from four to six periods a week. If one of these last named, ventures to complain, she is told that, "the honor of being a department girl compensates for the large amount of work."

There is no justice in this equality and there is no reason for it. As the work is now divided, those girls who have the harder work, have the most of it. Take for example, the library and dining-room work. Should this be so?

E. S., '96.

III.

During the spring term, there is much class business to be transacted, frequent meetings are necessary and the old question, "What shall we do about a quorum," clamors for an answer. I believe that in some way membership should be made

voluntary; as it stands now, all who are fully qualified by their academic work are practically members of the organization. One girl who felt that she ought not to attend class-meetings, tried to withdraw, but was told that there was no way to manage it. She must still be counted in reckoning a quorum; therefore she still goes to class meetings. Attempts have been made to impose a yearly fine of twenty-five cents as a condition of membership, but this was opposed and the tax is only "asked," which means that every one is dunned for that amount whether she really cares to belong to the class organization or not. If, however, this were the condition of membership, only those who care for their class "twenty-five cents' worth," would pay it and the rest would be free to go their several ways. In every class there is a certain number of girls who do not attend class meetings and take no part in the work of the class, but they count towards a quorum and waste the time of the girls who have to wait until the necessary number can be found to do business and weary factotums must raid the library and drag out unwilling victims. S. E. W. B., '94.

IV.

Not many weeks ago, I visited in a home where the daughter is preparing to enter Wellesley. It was easy to see that for some reason she was not enthusiastic over going to college. As soon as we had a chance to talk alone, she began, eagerly: "Is is really true that the girls at Wellesley are just digs, and don't care a bit about being agreeable and nice and jolly?" When I asked what had given her such an idea, she told how some of her friends, also who are fitting for Wellesley, came one day to visit the college. On their return, this was their comment upon the girls whom they had seen: "They didn't look interesting or jolly or pretty at all. They just rushed" (Think of their using our word "rushed"!) "round the corridors, and looked as if they had to work awfully and didn't care about anything else." No wonder that the heart of my merry little friend sank at that! Mine sank, too.

Then I tried to tell her how it really is, — that the girls work hard, but that they do care about other things, do care to be "interesting and jolly and nice and pretty." She, however, could not understand why they did not show it when her friends were here; and I wondered whether that day were exceptional.

But is it not a shame to us, college students, that three young girls should have all their enthusiasm over college life here shattered, because we are not strong and courageous enough to roll the burden of our work off of our faces, and to go about our corridors in a happy, leisurely way, as if life were, after all, the glad thing that it really is for most of us.

There is no difficulty, when we first return after vacation, in keeping our buoyant spirits. The test comes later, when work presses heavily and we have lost our early freshness and vigor. Then is the time to prove "the stuff we're made of." There has been an unusual amount of grumbling and complaining this year. True, many of us do work too hard, but our best way to lighten the load is by refusing to let it press heavily upon us, depressing our spirits. "It would make any one ill to be declaring constantly how overworked he was," a friend said to me, recently.

Why not delude ourselves for the remainder of this year into thinking that we really can accomplish what we have to do, provided only that we take life quietly, say little about our "pressure of work," sleep enough every night, keep hopeful hearts and glad faces?

Can the young woman whose buoyancy vanishes in the presence of hard work and weariness, whose long face and complaining voice, as she relates her woes, wear out the strength and patience of her friends, can she, I say, hope to meet the wear and weariness of life, and be a woman whose college course helped to give her the self-control and freshness of spirit necessary for happiness and success?

In these college days, not only are we fixing our attitude toward the work of life, but we are giving to our faces lasting expressions of cloudiness and worry, or of sunshine and serenity. C. S. H., '95.

V.

In a free press article in the April magazine, we are informed that to a first-year student living in the village, Wellesley seems peculiarly out of touch with the rest of the world.

As this student has seen fit to give us some of her experience and observation on the subject, it may not be out of place for another student, who has also had a year of village life, to give some of her own observations in reply.

We can sympathize with the writer in her aspirations to broaden her intellectual horizon by close contact with Boston and Cambridge, but since we are left in ignorance of the character and extent of her expectations, we are not in a position to offer suggestions. It seems to us, however, the individual fault of the student, if, after a month or two, Boston degenerates to a "mere shopping place," Cambridge to a "contemporary myth," rather than a result for which the college is responsible.

Again, the writer complains that she feels "so little stimulus to keep abreast of events," that the calm secludedness of Wellesley makes it difficult to care about reading the papers even if one has time. We have heard this com-

plaint before, but may we ask from whom this stimulus should come? Is our interest in outside events so slight, are our minds so feeble, that we must depend on some external stimulus, some pressure from without, to force us to keep in step with the world of to-day? Surely, it is from ourselves that this stimulus should come. We are unworthy this name of "college women," of which we are so proud, if our desire to keep abreast of events is not strong enough to overcome the slight difficulties in our way, which are, after all, mainly of our own making.

Furthermore, the writer is "conscious of no vital connection between the Wellesley world and the larger world of progressive thought." We are obliged to confess that this feeling is shared to some extent by many, but we are equally sure that the remedy lies within our control. We have heard that a "Wellesley girl" is a synonym for a "dig." We have realized, many of us, that there is something at fault, when we have waited long and weary hours, time and time again, for the number required for a quorum. And when the quorum has been secured, have we not realized that it is only the few who really have opinions and give voice to them! Ought this to be? Are we not too individual, too bent on following our own hobby, our own line of thought, to the exclusion of all other interests? And, moreover, do we come to college to bury ourselves in our books, to develop ourselves along one line, or are we moved by the desire to broaden our horizon, intellectual and otherwise, in every possible direction, seeking to know as much of the life and problems of the present day, as we do of the customs of the ancients? To come back to the point in question, if this latter supposition is true, are we likely to be content that there should be no vital connection between us and the outside world?

If we admit, as the writer of the previous article does admit, that a larger mental food lies really within our reach, it is certainly a source of shame to us, if we must wait for a "something in the air" to whet our appetite for this food.

We do not, we cannot, believe that this is true of all of Wellesley's students. Shall we not make it impossible that it can be said of one, that, by returning to Wellesley, "she lets go the hand of the world's activity."

M. C. D., '94.

VI.

There has been a growing realization of late that something unhealthy in the atmosphere of work is abroad at Wellesley. The impulse is to worry over one's work, and to let the mind dwell on all that is before it in the term, until the thought becomes a constant burden, not thrown off even in recreation. Now, why should this be so? Every one knows that work is better done when done

quietly. The attitude toward study should be more scholarly, more worthy of the true college student. The work is not too difficult for the average student, and any one, on reflection, would be ashamed to admit such a statement. Why, then, this constant worrying, fussing, fuming, that increases the difficulty tenfold?

And it is not only that the worry hurts the one who thus indulges, but all her friends and neighbors suffer with her woes as well as with their own. Thoughtlessness is surely the cause of this selfishness. It does not relieve the burden to talk constantly of it, neither is it a help to a friend. It may be a girl's natural impulse to confide all her troubles to another, but let her act the part of a true friend and bear her own burdens uncomplainingly. For the sake of the peace of mind, even of the health, of those who live with us in the same community, let us then be braver about our work, a little more confident of our own powers, and we shall find our tasks better done and our health less affected by the end of the year. D., '95.

VII.

An article which appeared last month, advocating an open library on the Sabbath, suggests another aspect of the library question. The library, which is such a source of pleasure and profit to each one of us, is entrusted to the free use and enjoyment of the student every week-day. Before we can justly ask for an enlargement of our privilege in this direction, it is for us to consider whether we deserve it.

As matters stand now, the library is entirely at our disposal, and the freedom which the present system grants in the use of books is the greatest possible when the rights of each individual are considered. The one thing requisite to make the present system successful is that each one should feel an individual responsibility in the careful use of books, and a due regard for the rights of others. When the librarians state that books necessary for reference disappear at the rate of ten volumes a night; when serious annoyances are caused by the loss of books which are laid back in some secluded corner to await the convenience of some one individual, the abuse of privilege has become so great as to need a remedy.

There are various plans which might be adopted to remedy this growing annoyance. The book-cases might be locked and books dealt out by request; or a vigilant committee might be stationed at the library door to examine all persons passing out. By far the best way would be for each one of us to make this question a point of honor; to realize that the removal of books is not an individual matter, but that it casts a reflection on the whole student body. This thoughtlessness in the use of library books calls for an immediate remedy. Shall we not make this a matter of individual and college honor, and thus apply the remedy that lies within our power? N., '95.

Exchanges.

This past month our Exchanges have seemed fairly redolent of spring. The short story has a noticeable setting of glowing maple buds and trees new-leaved, while arbutus and April violets are largely apostrophized. We are glad that tradition has been set aside, and several dainty spring poems have escaped the omnivorous scrap-basket to grace the pages of a magazine. But with this season come practical considerations as well. Incoming editorial boards have devoted whole pages to stern resolutions, and pathetic appeals for the co-operation of students. These appeals are often upheld by ingenious arguments. We quote from the "Yale Literary Magazine":

"If, as it is said, mature men forget that they once were young, there is work for the young man to do in making permanent record of his youthful experience, of the way in which his youthful eye beholds the world, its people and their works. Such records well written have an individual value of their own, which is to be compared to a foreigner's view of the land in which he visits. Ignorance is not always a bar to interest."

This magazine contains several short but interesting essays. "The College Days of a Yale Poet" gives an account of that institution in its state of pristine simplicity. Despite the fact that "men attended chapel before sunrise, held their first recitations by candle light and studied without translations," Nathaniel Parker Willis managed to pass a gay four years at his Alma Mater. "A New Idea," by Emerson Gifford Taylor, is a clever sketch of a club-house philosopher. We clip the following from the verse: —

FALLEN STARS.

I saw one night a star slip down to earth
From out the vault of Heaven's depths of blue,
And grieved; till, at the morning's happy birth,
Its ghost laughed at me from a drop of dew.

Warwick James Price.

In the "Harvard Monthly," as usual, we find a supply of all good things. The stories are especially well written. "The Reformation of Johnson," by L. W. Hopkinson, is commendable for its delineation of character; "A Stroll with the Marquis," by Jared Waterman, for its vivid description; and "The Perjured Lovers," by Julien P. Welsh, for the quaint humor which colors it. Of the poems we most enjoy "Now with Return of Spring," by Joseph T. Stickney, but it is too long to quote. Instead we clip:—

PEACE.

Tho' inland far, prisoned with mountains round,
  Oppressed beneath a spaee of heavy skies,
  Yet hear I oft the far-off water-cries
And vague vast voices with the winds eonfound.
While as a harp I sing, touched with the sound
  Most secret to its soul, the visions rise
  In stately dream, and lifting up mine eyes
I see the naked mountains fire-crowned.
Far in the heaven the golden moon illumes,
  The erowded stars toil in the webs of night
And the sharp meteors seam the higher glooms.
Then shifts my dream: the mellow evening falls;
  Upon the shore, alone, in the wet light
I stand and hear the infinite sea that ealls.

Joseph Trumbull Stickney.

The "Harvard Advocate" still comes on the crusade against illegibility. We refer all students of junior rhetoric to the first April number of this magazine. They will there gain useful hints on the matter of translation.

With the exception of those in the "Harvard Monthly," the best short stories in any April magazine are found in the Nassau Lit." The sketches written in a lighter vein, especially "The Subsequent History of Miss Muffet," and the ghostly tale in which the spirit figures in modern dress, are excellent. The story entitled "So Runs the World Away" is hardly as well written as the former productions of its author. But it is of such an unusual character that we take advantage of the permission given by the "Lit." to make a few quotations.

The sentiments of the hero, the heroine and the author seem to be surprisingly at one in their estimation of women. The ambition of Fletcher Barnes is to "shake mankind" with "thoughts," and to be "a leader of men." "The truth came gradually borne in upon him" . . . "that along those steep and rugged paths which he must climb women cannot go."

"Ay!" exclaims the author, "woman is the lesser man, and man is sufficient unto man."

After a parting of seven years, Fletcher meets the heroine under a flaming sunset. They shake hands and sit down. He proposes to her and she rejects him in a speech of two pages.

"You know," she says, "that we have not the strength to follow you, nor the depth of being to equal yours, and that woman is the lesser man. Yes, Fletcher, woman is the lesser man, but alas for the man that finds it out."

On finishing this speech, the heroine departs, and Fletcher resumes his steep and rugged path. "Time" did "his work." "Fletcher Barnes, leader of men, stood by a window watching the moon riding high in a fleecy sky. . . . He was thinking how a man with work to do in the world, and a mission to perform must leave women behind him; . . . for woman is the lesser man, and her nature is cast in a lighter mould."

If it is true, as certain wise people say, that our firmest beliefs are but the result of constant reiteration, a single reading of this article should conform our sentiments to those of its author. But we would refer, those who may be a trifle skeptical on this point, to a recent article by Mr. Andrew Lang, in which he comes to the conclusion, that the world cannot well get along without both man and woman.

"An Opinion," by Juliet Hammond, and "An Interpretation of Hegel," by Teresina Peck, are two thoughtful, scholarly articles in the "Smith College Monthly." The three short stories of this magazine, though artistic, are rather depressing in their portrayal of the dreariest New England life.

Of the many good prose articles in the "Wesleyan Literary Monthly," we like best "Is George Meredith Worth Reading?" by Cornelius R. Berrien. It shows a keen insight both into the merits and faults of this novelist, who is undoubtedly, "caviare to the million." The "Bric-a-Brac" contains well-drawn sketches and sprightly verse. We take the following from the magazine: —

CHOLLIE.

"Aw — please wepeat — if you will be so kind,
I weally — aw — was wandewing in my mind."
"Was wandering in your mind? But then, you know,
You'd such a very little ways to go."

F. L. K.

The contents of the "Dartmouth Literary Monthly" furnish the most pleasing mixture of literary papers, stories and verse. We would especially praise Mr. Kent Knowlton's discussion on "The Place of Jane Austen as a Literary Model."

Indeed, we think the disguised "heavy" article has attained the greatest success during the past month. The subjects chosen may often have been of undue weight, but they have been treated originally and with care. The interest of the short story seems to lie in its startling dénouement, rather than in its artistic treatment; as for the verse, it has suffered a slight reaction from the excellence of the previous month.

We quote the following from the "Columbia Literary Monthly": —

A Song of Innocence.

THE CHILD SPEAKS.

Unready for life with its bustle and jar,
  Having breathed the Dream-World air,
In a World of Dreams I've lived so far,
  And the World of Dreams is fair.
But I am a part of the infinite sum
  That is called Humanity,
And the call to enter life will come —
  The life of Reality.

The time is approaching. I'm losing the hold
  On imaginings, fancies and dreams
That composed the life that I knew of old;
  But the Real — so strange it seems,
That I cry: Leave me some of my childish hopes,
  A few of the child's beliefs;
Perhaps they may prove the saving ropes
  When I'm wrecked upon Real Life's reefs.

A. S.

And this from the "Inlander": —

A Prelude.

It was evening, and dead low ebb of the tide,
The color of all the world
Was like the inside of a shell
That is purple and gray,
With a fading yellow band on the western rim
Between the sky and the sea.
But the still mist drifted in
On the breast of the sleeping tide
And mingled the sea with the sky,
Till the breakers out on the bar
Burst their vaporous vanishing white from the midst of the clouds.
Then from under the silent mist,
Out over the the swells of the dim indefinite dunes,
Came a sigh and a breathing stir,
Somehow a ripple broke, — and the tide turned in.

Maude Elaine Caldwell.

Book Reviews.

MARCELLA, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward. 2 vols. Cloth, $2.00. Macmillan & Co.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward's new book, which has long been promised by certain newspaper sages, is now eagerly hailed by the many admirers of "Robert Elsmere" and "David Grieve."

In "Marcella," even more than in these two novels, Mrs. Ward shows her ability to portray the development and final crystallization of character. The aim of the book is to clearly set forth the varied phases of socialism. We view the problem mainly through the eyes of the imaginative, impulsive Marcella. And unconsciously our interest centres in this wayward, impulsive girl. The misery of the poor takes on a tragic intensity as Marcella moves among them. The statistics and dry facts heralded in the "Labor Clarion" scintillate with meaning under the scorn of her flashing eyes. We watch her as she advances from the egoistic extravagance of one and twenty to the calmer, clearer thought of after years. But in all her struggles with the apathy of the poor, with the easeful indifference of the rich, or with the hypocrisy of self-seeking reformers, we find the same hatred of oppression, the same "large and passionate humanity" which "plays about her."

It is not alone from Marcella's standpoint that the question is viewed. Each incident, each character, serves to present a new aspect of the troublous problem. The brilliant but unscrupulous Wharton, in his feverish quest for sensation, has thrown himself into "the great tragic-comedy of the workingman's movement, for the sake of the amusement it will bring him. And through him we feel its excitement and dramatic force. Mrs. Boyce, on the other hand, is one whom "the sentiments of life avoided. She wished to see things in a dry light, and enjoyed "playing with the ironies of the situation." In London we meet the more violent socialists, from the lean and hungry type, raging with jealousy and despair, to the sturdy and determined leaders of Parliament. On the Mellor estate, conservatives are found of every grade, from the primitive little Miss Raeburn to her decided but broad-minded nephew. In the sardonic chat of Mrs. Jellison, the ancient wit of the village, is revealed the hopeless cynicism of the oppressed; in the dogged action of the deformed poacher, their feeble revolt from tyranny. In fact, Mrs. Ward has been wonderfully successful in her attempt to present a system of thought as it is held by the various social classes in the England of to-day.

The evident endeavor to plead for a special view of the subject might classify her method with that of Charles Kingsley. It cannot be denied that "Marcella," with the proneness of an English novel to sin against artistic form, suffers from its diffuseness, its free use of conventional lines and somewhat melodramatic incidents. Nevertheless, Mrs. Ward, with her firm intellectual grasp of the subject and clever depiction of character, stands supreme in the school of novelists to which she belongs.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Evolution of Woman," by Eliza Burt Gamble. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"The Flower of Forgiveness," by Flora Anna Steel. (New York: Macmillan & Co.)

Society Notes.

The regular monthly meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held in Shakespeare Hall, on Saturday evening, April 28. Fannie Bradley Greene, '94, was formally received into the membership of the society. The following was the programme of the evening:—

Cymbeline.

Shakespeare News . . . . . Ada Marshall Belfield
The Fourth Period of Shakespeare's Plays . . Millicent L. Peirce
Cymbeline — A Plot's Study . . . . Levenia Dugan Smith
Dramatic Representation. Cymbeline, Act I., Scenes 2 and 3.
Imogen — A Character Study . . . . Emma Christy Brooks
Shakespeare's Use of the Disguise . . . Sara Katharine Conner
Dramatic Representation. Cymbeline, Act I., Scene II.

Miss Cornelia Green, '92, was present at the meeting.

A regular programme meeting of the Alpha Chapter of the Phi Sigma Fraternity was held on Saturday, April 7. The subject of the meeting was Dumas. The following programme was given:—

Dumas' Relation to the French Theatre . . . Alice H. Schouler
Dumas as a Realist . . . . . Mary H. Holmes
Music . . . . . Roberta Z. Allen
Dumas as a Moralist . . . . . Anna C. Witherlee
The Dramatic Power of Dumas . . . . Roberta Z. Allen

Miss Caroline E. Dresser, '90, and Miss Mabel Curtis, '90, were present at the meeting.

The regular meeting of the Society Zeta Alpha was held Friday evening, April 13, in Society Hall. The subject of the meeting was Florence in the Time of Lorenzo de Medici. The following was the programme:—

Picturesque Florence . . . . . Agnes L. Caldwell
Lorenzo the Magnificent . . . . . Adah M. Hasbrooke
The Immortality of Florence . . . . M. Denison Wilt
Savonarola . . . . . Florence Forbes
The Fall of the Medici . . . . . Cornelia Huntington
Music . . . . . Pearl Underwood

The Society of T. Z. E. held its regular meeting April 28, the programme of which was as follows:—

I. Works of Meissonier and Duvan . . . Helen MacMillan
II. Millet . . . . . Alberta Welch
III. Academic Sculpture — Chapa, DuBois, Saint Marceaux, Mercié . . . . . May Kellog
IV. French Historians — Augustin Thiery, Guizot, Michelet, Maude Keller

At the regular meeting of the T. Z. E. Society, April 14, the following programme was presented:—

I. Works of Rousseau, Diaz and Dupré . . Fanny Austin
II. Troyon . . . . . Charlotte Goodrich
III. French Novelists — Alexander Dumas, Balzac, George Sand, Alice Wood
IV. French Grand Opera. Spontinic and his followers, Edith Sawyer

A regular meeting of the Agora was help April 7.

Programme.

Impromptu Speeches.
Questions of Reform.
The Referendum . . . . . Louise Richardson
Proportional Representation . . . . Susie Hawley
Should senators be elected by direct vote of the people?
Affirmative, Edith Rhodes
Negative, Bolinda Bogardus

The regular meeting of the Classical Society was held Saturday evening, April 14. The programme of the evening was an interesting talk by Professor Chapin on the "American Classical School in Athens." Miss Nellie Stimson, '95, and Miss Grace Townsend, '97, have recently been received into the society.

College Notes.

The June number of the MAGAZINE will be a Tree Day and Commencement number. Necessarily it will be delayed until after Commencement, and must therefore be sent to the home address of all subscribers. Notice must be sent before June 9, if extra copies are desired, or if the address in the Ninety-four Legenda is not the one to which the MAGAZINE is to be sent.

A few copies of the Ninety-three Legenda may still be obtained by application to Miss Florence Tobey.

On Saturday, April 7, Kate Douglas Wiggin was expected to read in the chapel, but the engagement was postponed because of Mrs. Wiggin's illness.

Miss Hodgkins addressed the missionary meeting Sunday, April 8.

The first concert of the term was given on April 9, by Professor Carl of New York. It was an organ recital, and though the pleasure of both artist and audience was somewhat marred by the rattling of the pedals, it was an exceptionally good one. The selections were from Bach, Guilmant and other noted composers.

For the past few weeks, Professor Hill has been giving a series of lectures on the history of the pianoforte. This course, though especially intended for the students of the School of Music, could not fail to be of great interest and value to the college at large.

On the evening of April 14, Miss Hart invited the members of her classes in English I. to meet Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson in the Faculty Parlor. Colonel Higginson gave an informal talk on "Some People Whom I Have Met." Among the number of his distinguished acquaintances were Tennyson, Darwin, Carlyle, Lowell, Hawthorne and others. Miss Stratton, Miss Hart and Miss Sweeny received.

Mrs. Morton has been taken to a hospital in Boston. It is hoped that she may be able to return in about three weeks.

On Monday afternoon, April 16, the Tau Zeta Epsilon Society gave a very pretty reception in their new hall.

The engagement of Miss Maud Keller, '92, to Dr. Arthur Evans of Chicago, is announced.

The Glee Club concert given in chapel on Monday evening, April 16, was, as usual, a marked success. A number of beautiful pink and white azaleas, with which the platform was decorated, added to the festive appearance and made an appropriate setting for the dainty gowns of the girls. The Glee Club was in

exceptionally good voice but both clubs showed the results of careful training and it was generally admitted that the Banjo Club has never done better work.

The following programme was given: —

PART I.

Massachusetts Bicycle March . . . Arr. by Lansing
Banjo Club.

College Beautiful . . . . Wellesley Songs
George Washington . . . Arr. by Junius W. Hill
Image of the Rose . . . . G. Reichardt
Solo by Miss Hoyt.

Merry Maidens' Galop . . . . Robinson
Banjo Club.

Lady Bird . . . { Words by Katherine L. Bates
Mens Sana . . . { Music by Junius W. Hill

Queen of the Sea . . . . Armstrong
Banjo Club.

PART II.

Lullaby . . . . . Chadwick
Skylark . . . . . Osgood
Jack and Mary . . Arr. from Yale songs by Junius W. Hill
Solo by Miss Wood.

On the Bank of the Hudson . . . . Robinson
Banjo Club.

My College Girl . . . { Words by Alice W. Kellog
. . . { Music by Junius W. Hill

Constancy . . . . . G. P. Ritter

The Wellesley Charioteer . { Words by Maria Russel Russell
. { Music by Edith Sawyer

Flash Galop . . . . . Lansing
Banjo Club.

The Wellesley Medley . . . Arr. by Mary Alice Knox
Solos by Miss Yates.

On Tuesday afternoon, April 17, Professor William R. Thayer of Harvard lectured in the chapel on "Modern Italy."

Miss Crafts, of the freshman class, has left college on account of ill-health.

On Wednesday evening, April 18, the junior class gave a party to the sophomores. A clever little farce called "A Lion Among Ladies" was given, after which the girls danced and refreshments were served.

The long wished for and much needed boat-house is at last fairly under way. It has sprung up as if by magic and will probably be completed in time for Float. The number of private boats upon the lake is larger this spring than ever before, probably because this certain means of shelter is being provided.

On the evening of Patriots' Day, Dr. Edward T. Porter of Lexington, Mass., spoke in the chapel on "Some Memories Awakened by the Day." The Beethoven Society sang several patriotic songs and the audience joined with a good deal of enthusiasm in the refrain.

Miss Caroline Williamson, of the class of '90, returned to college the first of May, to complete her work for the second degree.

On Saturday evening, April 21, Miss Bates invited the members of the Phi Sigma Society and of Literature VII. to meet Miss Robertson of the Boston Browning Society in the Faculty Parlor. Miss Robertson's reading of a number of selections from Mr. Browning's work was wonderfully appreciative and all her listeners were charmed.

Miss Margaret Oats, of the class of '97, did not return to college after vacation because of ill-health.

The chief social event of the past two weeks was a Fairy Cotillion given in the gymnasium on the afternoon of April 23, by the Misses Chace, Roberts, Conner, Miller, Jones and Crumb. The artistic decorations and the dainty costumes of the girls made the gymnasium especially attractive.

Mr. Hamilton Mabie spoke in the chapel Monday evening, April 23, on "Culture as the End of Education." Mr. Mabie showed that true culture requires a sincere sympathy with our fellow-men and a thorough knowledge of life, as well as mere book learning.

On the afternoon of April 28, President Walker, of the Boston Institute of Technology, lectured in the chapel on "Metallism."

On Saturday evening, April 28, the department of elocution gave a representation of the "Princess" in the gymnasium. An especially charming feature was the Delsarte drill. This representation was intended especially for the freshmen, but the entertainment was repeated on the following afternoon for the seniors.

Miss Emma Hough and Miss Estelle Andrews, of the Wellesley School of Music, gave a recital in the chapel, April 30.

A change has been made in Rhetoric III. for the year '94-'95. Two courses will be offered; one, the regular forensic course without the debates; the other, a major course, to consist entirely of debating work.

On Saturday afternoon, May 5, Dr. Josiah Royce of Harvard College lectured in the chapel on "The Natural History of Conscience." A reception for Dr. and Mrs. Royce was given by the philosophy department in the Faculty Parlors, in the evening.

The class of '95 has chosen its Legenda board. The names of the editors are as follows: Sarah E. Capps, editor-in-chief; Florence Forbes, associate editor; Ada Hasbrooke, Helen Wilder, Mabel Wellman, May Merrill and Martha Waterman, literary editors; Mary Louise Roberts, Gertrude Jones and Arline Smith, art editors; Elizabeth Peale and Isa Skelton, business managers

A reception was given to the Harvard Glee Club, at Freeman, Saturday, May 5.

Miss Gregg of New York addressed the missionary meeting, Sunday, May 6.

Miss Bigelow, '93; Miss Conant, '90; Miss Cornelia Green, '92; Miss Hazard, '93; Miss Curtis, '90; Miss Dresser, '90; Miss Hill, '93; Miss Page, '95; Miss Freeman, '96; Miss Hamlin, '91; Miss Peasley, '95; Miss Keith, '93; Miss Hardon, '92, have been among the former students who have lately visited the college.

It is requested that all subscriptions for the boat-house be paid to Miss Canfield, '94, as soon as possible.

For those who desire a brief trip abroad, the party which Mrs. Denis is to conduct to Europe this summer offers many attractions. The party will sail from New York, June 16, on the S.S. "Fulda," of the North German Lloyd Company. The following are the places of interest to be visited: Genoa, Pisa, Florence, Bologna, Venice, Padua, Verona, Milan. A halt for the Sabbath will be made at the Italian Lakes, and then the journey will be continued over the Simplon to Visp, and thence by way of Martigny and Chamounix to Geneva. From here the party will continue to Frieburg, Baden-Baden, Heidelburg, Worms and Mayence, going by way of the Rhine to Cologne, and then to Rheims. A halt of ten days will be made at Paris, where excursions will be made to various places. On leaving Paris, Amiens will be visited on the way to England. The party will sail for home on September 12, from Southampton.

Alumnae Notes.

The March meeting of the Chicago Wellesley Club was held Saturday, March 17, at 2.30 o'clock, at the home of the vice-president, Lillian V. Pike, 3908 Ellis avenue. The meeting was unusually small, many of the members being obliged to send regrets. The president, Miss Wren, was unable to be present, being absent from the city. Those present had the pleasure of listening to two violin solos by Miss Florence Wing, '92, accompanied by Miss Agnes S. Cook, who also played a piano solo. A letter concerning the needs of the Wellesley Record Association was read to interest the club in the liquidation of the debt of that association, and a beginning was made toward collecting money on behalf of the Record by asking the members of the club present to contribute what they could then, and arrangements were made for notifying the other members not present. Some further business of a local nature being transacted, light refreshments were served, after which the meeting adjourned.

Miss Estelle M. Hurll, '80, formerly instructor in ethics at Wellesley, has interesting art papers in the January number of the "Art Interchange," and in the Easter number of the "Congregationalist."

Miss Helen J. Sanborn, '84, of Somerville, author of "A Winter in Central America," which is an account of a trip made by her across Central America a few years ago, has left with her father, Mr. James S. Sanborn, for Europe and the Holy Land, for a winter's tour. Miss Sanborn possesses a rare gift of description and of relating scenes and incidents exactly as she sees and experiences them. Her friends will look forward for another book on her return, — this time a narrative of her wanderings through Palestine. (Boston Traveller, Feb. 11, 1894.)

Miss Elizabeth Wallace, '86, is in charge of Beecher Hall, Chicago University.

The friends of the late Laura Lyon Williams, '87, will be glad to learn that her four little daughters, who have been ill with scarlet fever since their mother's death, are on the road to recovery.

Miss Mary E. Stinson, '89, has recently been visiting her classmate, Mrs. Mary Edwards Twitchell, in her home in Brooklyn.

Miss Alice Brewster, '89, spent part of her spring vacation with Mrs. Mary Bean Jones, '89.

Miss Cooley, of the botanical department, is spending the year at the University of Zürich, working in the laboratory of Professor Dodel, on problems connected with the embryo plant.

Miss Evangeline Hathaway, '90, is planning to study at Oxford, England, next year.

Miss Anna B. Jenks, of the class of '90, is a student at the Zürich University, devoting her time to the study of German and Latin.

Miss Annie Louise Lord, '90, is teaching modern languages in the University of Denver.

Miss Mary B. Peterson, '90-'91, is teaching mathematics in the South Side High School of Milwaukee, Wis.

Miss Delight Sweetser, student at Wellesley, '90-'91, sailed April 18, on the Friesland, for Geneva, where she will spend a year studying French. The summer will be spent in travel. For the next few months, and again until late in the fall, her address will be 11 Rue Lévrier, Geneva.

The address of Maria Baldwin, '91, is 509 3d street, N. W. Washington, D.C., the parsonage of Wesley Methodist Episcopal Church, of which her father was appointed pastor in March.

The engagement of Miss Margaret Wrenn, '91, to Mr. Barnes is announced.

Miss Grace Underwood, Miss Louise Brown and Miss Candace Stimson, all of '92, have started for Japan with Dr. Stimson.

Miss Cora Perrine, '91, who is assistant in Chicago University library, is at home for a month's vacation.

Miss Hattie Jones, '91, is in Florida tutoring two boys.

Miss Madeline Freeman, '93, has accepted a position to teach mathematics and the sciences in the high school at Thompsonville, Conn.

Miss Clara Helmer, '93, has been South with her parents and is visiting college on her return northward.

Miss Alice Mae Reed, '93, was present at the Junior Promenade of Harcourt Seminary.

Miss Mary McPherson, '93, sailed for Europe, April 4, and will locate at Zürich, Switzerland.

Miss Grace Freeman and Miss Annette Sherwin, former members of '94, are studying at Chicago University.

Miss Alice Downing, '96, who has been studying at Chicago University, is now at her home, Aurora, Ill.

The class letter of '91 is soon to be ready.

The MAGAZINE would call the attention of the alumnæ to the '94 Legenda, which promises to be good.

The section for child study met on Saturday, April 7, 2.30 P. M., 12 Somerset street. Subject, "The Emotions of the Child."

Since Christmas there has been a University Settlement in Chicago. It is situated in the Stock Yard district, on Gross avenue, near 47th street. There is a Day Nursery at the Settlement. Two university men are residents.

Miss Mary Marot, Sp. '89-'90, has a drawing class. Miss Marot is chairman of the working committee of the Philanthropic Society of Chicago University.

Miss Agnes Cook, formerly of '96, with some assistance, recently gave a musical at the Settlement.

Miss Grace Jackson and Miss Jane Wetherlow, both of '91, frequently assist in work at the Settlement.

Miss Hoyt, '89, graduated from Hahnemann Medical College and Hospital of Chicago, April 3, 1894.

A meeting of the Wellesley College Alumnæ Chapter of the College Settlement Association will be held on Commencement morning, June 19, at 10.30 in Room D. All alumnæ are cordially invited to be present, whether members of the association or not.

College Bulletin.

May 13. Dr. J. W. Cooper preaches in the chapel.
May 21. Concert.
May 27. Rev. E. H. Hughes preaches.
May 28. Temperance debate.
June 1. Tree-day.
June 2. Mrs. Wiggin reads in the chapel.
June 3. Dr. A. McKenzie preaches.
June 4. Concert.

Marriages.

BURTON — SCANDLIN. Miss Mabel Elliot Scandlin,'93, to Mr. Chester O. Burton of New York, at Mount Hope,Wednesday, April 11. At home after May 1, at 216 West 22d street, New York.

HODGSON — ALLEN. Miss Mamie Allen, formerly of '96, to Mr. Francis Marion Hodgson.

Births.

Born, March 2, a fourth daughter to Mrs. Laura Lyon Williams, '87.

Deaths.

Entered into rest on March 31, 1894, Laura Lyon Williams, president of the class of '87. Services on April 3, from her late home in New Brighton, Staten Island.

Died at her home in Lexington, Ky., on May 3, 1894, Drusilla Rutherford Douglas, formerly of the class of '93.

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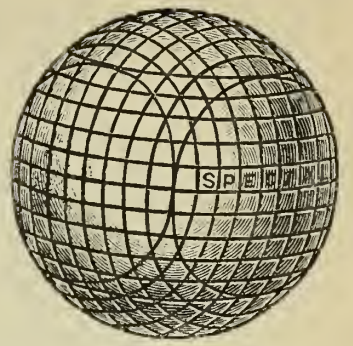

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